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# ***THE WILL to FIGHT***





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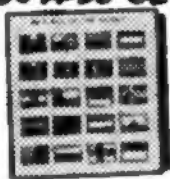
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# THE WILL TO FIGHT



FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER THE END OF THE WAR, A FIRM OF LONDON SOLICITORS ASKED THE O'DWYER AGENCY TO TRACE A MISSING MAN. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE INVESTIGATION WHICH FOLLOWED...

JOHNNY LUCK

THE NAME ON THE DOSSIER IN THE AGENCY'S CLOSED FILE IS JOHNNY LUCK...

## Chapter 1. *Deserter*

NEIL FRAZER WAS THE O'DWYER INVESTIGATOR WHO TOOK OVER THE EMPTY DOSSIER ON JOHNNY LUCK IN MARCH 1961. . .

HI, NEIL . . . O'DWYER HAS A NEW ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU.

YES? SOMETHING THAT'LL TAKE ME OVERSEAS, I HOPE . . . I COULD USE A HOLIDAY, CHUM. . .



MOST OF THE WORK WAS ROUTINE AND DULL: THE NEW ASSIGNMENT LOOKED DIFFERENT FROM THE START. . .

OUR MAN'S NAME IS LUCK, FRAZER, JOHNNY LUCK. HE DESERTED FROM AN INFANTRY UNIT IN FRANCE IN NINETEEN-FORTY, JUST BEFORE DUNKIRK. THAT'S THE LAST ANYONE'S HEARD OF HIM. READ THE SOLICITORS' LETTER. . .

THANKS, O'DWYER. HECK . . . TWENTY THOUSAND EH?



ACCORDING TO THE SOLICITORS' LETTER, JOHNNY LUCK WAS NOW A RICH MAN. . .

YES, TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS HAS BEEN LEFT TO THIS JOHNNY LUCK BY A RELATIVE WHO DIED RECENTLY. THAT'S WHY THE SOLICITORS WANT US TO TRACE HIM. . .

OKAY! I'LL START AT THE BEGINNING . . . WAR OFFICE RECORDS. . .





## The Will To Fight

THE WAR OFFICE WAS HELPFUL, THOUGH THEIR FILE ON PRIVATE J. LUCK WAS EMPTY AFTER JUNE NINETEEN-FORTY. . .

YES, WE KNOW HE DESERTED, LIEUTENANT. I THOUGHT I MIGHT TRACE THE MEN WHO WERE SERVING WITH HIM AT THE TIME. . .

HIS UNIT WAS TWELFTH BATTALION, ASHDOWN FORESTERS. . . MAJOR YORKE. . . AH, THAT WOULD BE THE COLONEL YORKE WHO'S NOW ASSISTANT WARDEN AT THE TOWER OF LONDON. . .



COLONEL YORKE, AT THE TOWER, WAS ODDLY RETICENT ABOUT THE DUNKIRK EPISODE, BUT HE GAVE FRAZER ANOTHER LINK IN THE CHAIN OF INVESTIGATION. . .

WHY SHOULD I REMEMBER? THAT WAS OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO. BUT WE HAD A CAPTAIN IN THE BATTALION THEN. . . SHORT SERVICE WALLAH NAMED HUNT. . . I BELIEVE HE'S A GOLF PROFESSIONAL NOW. . . HE MIGHT REMEMBER THIS LUCK FELLOW. . .



FRAZER TRACED EX-CAPTAIN HUNT THROUGH THE PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS ASSOCIATION TO A CLUB NEAR VIRGINIA WATER IN SURREY. . .

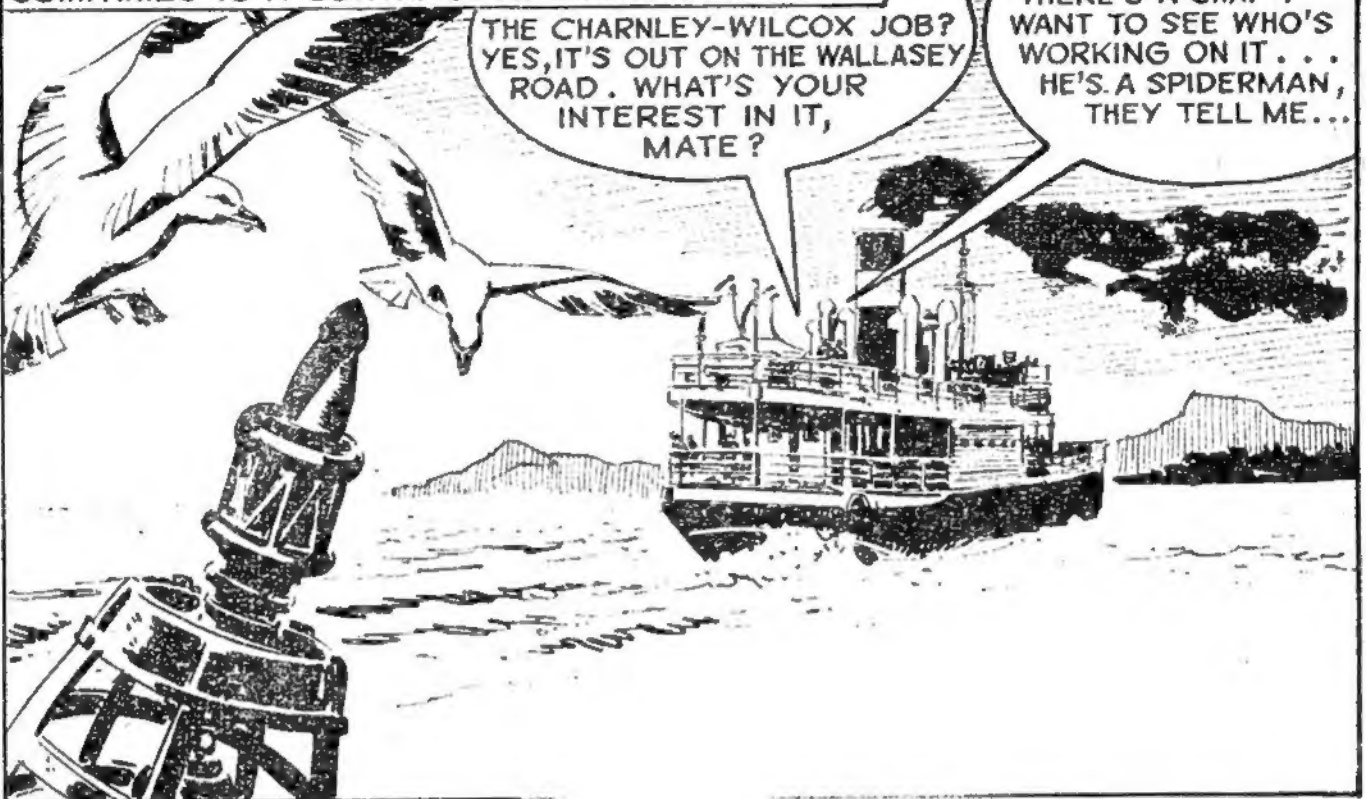
HE WAS A PRIVATE IN 'B' COMPANY, MISTER HUNT. . .

I WAS WITH 'C' COMPANY. I REMEMBER THE NAME 'LUCK', THAT'S ALL. YOUR BEST BET IS RAMMIDY OF 'B' COMPANY. . . SERGEANT RAMMIDY HE WAS THEN. . .



## The Will To Fight

IT TOOK FRAZER ANOTHER THREE DAYS TO TRACE RAMMIDY THROUGH THE ARMY REHABILITATION CENTRE AND THE LONDON OFFICES OF A DOZEN STEEL COMPANIES TO A CONTRACT AT BIRKENHEAD . . .



EX-SERGEANT RAMMIDY WAS IN HIS FORTIES, A TOUGH LITTLE MAN WITH A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS. FRAZER INTERVIEWED HIM A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET UP IN THE WEB OF STEEL AT WALLASEY . . .



HE WAS A SPIDERMAN NOW, THIS RAMMIDY, BUT FRAZER COULD SEE HIM AS THE TOUGH INFANTRY SERGEANT OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS EARLIER. . .

FUNNY THING, THE WAY JOHNNY DESERTED. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT SNAPPY. THIS AIN'T THE ARMY. . . THEY DON'T LIKE YOU CHEWING THE RAG ON THE JOB. . .



FIRE AWAY, THEN. . .

SO EX-SERGEANT RAMMIDY GAVE THE EVIDENCE WHICH IS INCORPORATED IN THE JOHNNY LUCK DOSSIER. . .

JOHNNY WAS A LIKEABLE SORT OF KID. HE'D HAVE MADE A DARN GOOD SOLDIER, ONLY HE WAS TOO KEEN ON GOING IT ON HIS OWN. . . TOO COCKY, YOU MIGHT SAY. . .



WELL, SO IT WAS JUNE NINETEEN-FORTY AND THE B.E.F. WAS GETTING TO HECK OUT OF IT AT DUNKIRK. THEY TALK NOW AS THOUGH DUNKIRK WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY. . .



# The Will To Fight



"B' COMPANY WAS STUCK ON THE HAYETHEM ROAD, THIRTY MILES FROM DUNKIRK, FOR THE FIRST FIVE DAYS OF THE EVACUATION. WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE BLOCKING THE JERRY ARMOUR . . ."





## The Will To Fight

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"THE ROAD WAS BUNGED UP WITH TRUCKS AND REFUGEES, JERRY WAS STRAFING IT AND THERE WAS A FAT LOT WE COULD DO TO STOP HIM . . ."



"JOHNNY LUCK HAD THREE PLATOON'S BREN AND HE USED IT. HE NEARLY BLEW THE MAJOR'S HEAD OFF. . . HE HADN'T AN EARTHLY OF HITTING ANYTHING ELSE. . ."

YOU HOPING THE NOISE WILL SCARE JERRY AWAY, JOHNNY BOY?

COME OFF IT, SARGE  
... A BLOKE'S GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



# The Will To Fight

"MAYBE THAT BURST OF BREN FIRE SHOOK OLD YORKE UP. HE HAD US OUT OF OUR POSITIONS DIRECTLY THE MESSERSCHMITT LET UP. . ."

GET THE MEN ON THEIR FEET, SERGEANT . . . WE'RE PULLING OUT!

ALL RIGHT, MEN . . . YOU HEARD THE MAJOR . . .

HECK . . . HERE WE GO AGAIN!



"THE MAJOR WAS IN A FLAP, THAT'S THE TRUTH OF IT. HE MARCHED US OFF UP A SIDE TRACK. JOHNNY LUCK WAS BEEFING AGAIN, SARCASTIC-LIKE, THE WAY HE WAS. . ."

SOMEBODY OUGHT TO WARN THE JERRIES . . . IF OLD YORKEY GETS IN A TEMPER, HE'S LIABLE TO GO AND TAKE BERLIN AWAY FROM THEM . . .

BELT UP, JOHNNY BOY . . .



"THERE WAS A FARM UP THAT SIDE TRACK AND, BEYOND THE FARM, A TROOP OF JERRY TANKS WAS PARKED. THE MAJOR LED US SMACK INTO THEM. . ."

HECK!

SERGEANT . . . SERGEANT!

ALL RIGHT, SIR . . . I SEE THEM! GET DOWN! YOU BLOKES!





## The Will To Fight

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"WE GOT DOWN IN THAT FARMYARD, AND JERRY LOBBED A FEW SHELLS IN AFTER US. BUT I DON'T THINK HE WAS MUCH BOTHERED ABOUT US..."

WHAT A CAPER!  
WHEN ARE WE  
GOING TO START  
DISHING IT OUT  
OURSELVES?

YOU WORRY ABOUT  
KEEPING YOURSELF IN  
ONE PIECE,  
JOHNNY...



"WE WERE PRETTY BEATEN UP BY THEN, ALL THE STUFFING KNOCKED OUT OF US. BUT JOHNNY LUCK, HE STILL HAD HIS PECKER UP..."

ALL RIGHT...  
JERRY'S  
CLEARED  
OFF...

YEAH, BUT WHAT'S  
THE USE...WE  
MIGHT AS WELL  
GIVE UP!

YOU SPEAK FOR  
YOURSELF, CHUM.  
...I HAVEN'T HAD IT,  
NOT BY A LONG  
CHALK...



# The Will To Fight

"WHEN WE CAME OUT OF THAT FARMYARD, MAJOR YORKE WENT ALL TO PIECES. SO I TOOK THE COMPANY OVER. I DID WHAT I THOUGHT WAS BEST..."

KEEP THE MAJOR QUIET, CORP... ALL RIGHT, YOU LOT, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE FOR DUNKIRK... KEEP CLOSED UP AND KEEP MOVING!

WHAT...  
WHAT SHALL  
WE DO?



"WE GOT TO HAYE THEM IN A COUPLE OF HOURS. IT WAS BOMBED TO BLAZES AND STILL SMOKING, AND THE PROVOST MARSHAL THERE HAD GIVEN UP HOPE..."

WE'RE HEADING  
FOR DUNKIRK, SIR...  
IS THAT OKAY?

DO WHAT YOU LIKE,  
SERGEANT... IT DOESN'T  
MAKE MUCH ODDS...  
GOOD LUCK,  
ANYWAY...





## The Will To Fight

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"WE WERE ALL QUIET AFTER THAT, TRUDGING THROUGH THE TOWN. ALL EXCEPT JOHNNY LUCK, THAT IS. . . HE WAS HOPPING MAD. . ."



"I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE THE HEART TO SHUT JOHNNY UP. HE WAS RIGHT IN A WAY, TOO. THEN, JERRY BOMBED THAT TOWN AGAIN. . ."



## The Will To Fight

"ONE OF THE STUKAS CAME SCREAMING DOWN RIGHT ON TOP OF US, DIVING LIKE A HAWK, THE BOMBS FALLING FROM ITS UNDERSIDE . . ."



KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN, MEN . . . THIS LOT'S HEADING FOR US!

"THE STICK OF BOMBS FELL DOWN THE FAR SIDE OF THE STREET, THE SIDE JOHNNY LUCK WAS ON. ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR- AND HE WAS SMACK IN THE LINE OF THE FIFTH BOMB!"



THIS ONE'S GOT MY NAME ON IT . . .

"SAY WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT JOHNNY LUCK, HE HAD THE RIGHT NAME. THAT FIFTH BOMB SMACKED DOWN THREE FEET FROM HIM, AND IT WAS THE ONLY ONE OF THE LOT THAT DIDN'T EXPLODE . . ."



GET GOING BEFORE JERRY COMES BACK, YOU LOT!



"I HAD THE MEN HARING DOWN THE STREET WHEN THE CORPORAL LOOKED ROUND AND SHOUTED. JOHNNY LUCK WAS LYING ON HIS FACE BACK THERE..."

HEY, SARGE!  
JOHNNY MUST  
HAVE COPPED  
IT!

ALL RIGHT, CORP. . .  
CARRY ON WITH THE  
MEN . . . TWO OF  
YOU COME  
WITH ME!



"I BELTED BACK UP THE STREET. THE STUKA WAS COMING DOWN AGAIN WITH ITS MACHINE-GUNS RATTLING, BUT I WENT BACK TO JOHNNY ALL THE SAME . . ."

WATCH IT,  
SARGE!

JOHNNY!  
HEY, JOHNNY  
BOY!



# The Will To Fight

"I LIKED THAT KID. HE HAD SPIRIT. I WASN'T GOING TO LEAVE HIM THERE IF HE WAS STILL ALIVE. AND HE **WAS** ALIVE, ALL RIGHT. . ."

WHY COULDN'T YOU LEAVE ME BE, SARGE... AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED, I'M DEAD, SEE!

DON'T BE A FOOL, JOHNNY! IF YOU DON'T COME WITH US NOW, YOU'LL BE LISTED AS A DESERTER!



"HE'D WANTED TO BE LEFT FOR DEAD. HE'D HAD ENOUGH, WHAT WITH THE MAJOR LOSING HIS NERVE, AND THE HOPELESSNESS OF IT ALL, AND THAT PROVOST MARSHAL.."

I'M NOT GOING TO BE MUCKED AROUND BY A LOT OF PANICKY BRASS-HATS WHO'LL GET ME BLOWN TO BLAZES. I CAN LOOK AFTER MYSELF...

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, JOHNNY...

SARGE... FOR PETE'S SAKE, LET'S MOVE!





"IN A QUEER KIND OF WAY, I SYMPATHISED WITH JOHNNY. ANYWAY, I DID WHAT HE WANTED. I LEFT HIM THERE, ON HIS LONESOME..."

HECK...JOHNNY'S OKAY THEN, SARGE... HE'S SCARPERING!

BELT UP, MALTBY... JOHNNY LUCK'S GOT MORE COURAGE THAN THE REST OF YOU PUT TOGETHER!



"JOHNNY LUCK WAS A FIGHTER! TOO MUCH OF A FIGHTER TO STAND THE PUSHING AROUND WE WERE GETTING. THAT'S WHY HE DESERTED!"

RAMMIDY TURNED AND LOOKED BLEAKLY AT FRAZER...

WELL, THAT'S IT, MATE. THE COMPANY DID GET THROUGH TO DUNKIRK, AND BACK TO BLIGHTY. BUT IT HADN'T LOOKED AS THOUGH WE WOULD WHEN JOHNNY LUCK LEFT US IN HAYETHEM THAT DAY...



## The Will To Fight

FRAZER CLOSED HIS NOTEBOOK. HE LOOKED AT RAMMIDY THOUGHTFULLY. . .

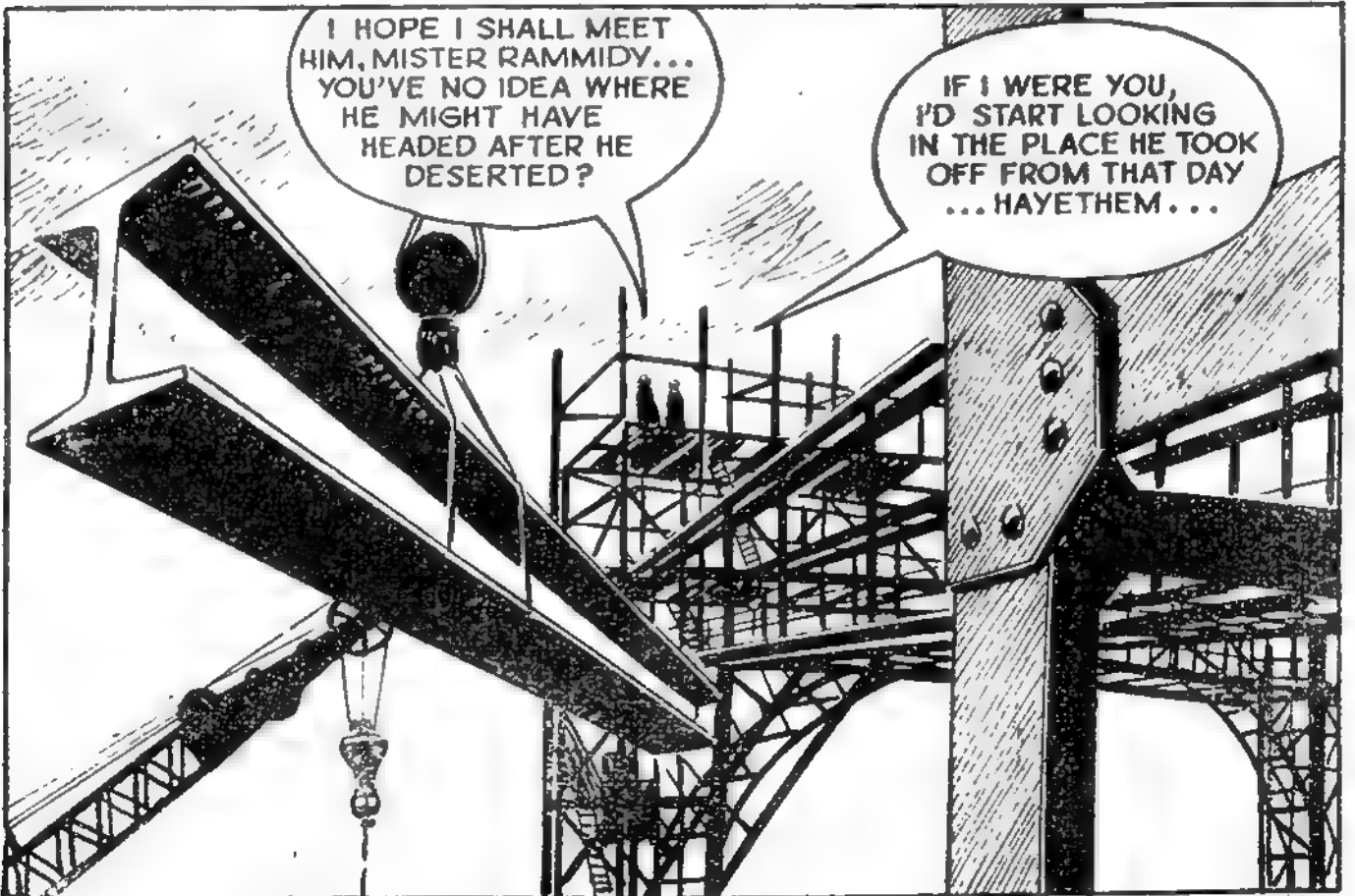
THANKS FOR THE BACKGROUND DOPE. WHEN YOU HEAR A MAN CALLED A DESERTER, YOU GET A CERTAIN PICTURE OF HIM. . .

I KNOW, MATE. . . YOU RECKON HE'S YELLOW. WELL, IT WAS MY DUTY TO REPORT JOHNNY LUCK AS A DESERTER. . . BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE MET HIM. . . HE WAS NO COWARD. . .



I HOPE I SHALL MEET HIM, MISTER RAMMIDY. . . YOU'VE NO IDEA WHERE HE MIGHT HAVE HEADED AFTER HE DESERTED?

IF I WERE YOU, I'D START LOOKING IN THE PLACE HE TOOK OFF FROM THAT DAY. . . HAYETHEM. . .



## Chapter 2. *The Good Time*



A WEEK LATER, FRAZER CROSSED THE CHANNEL IN THE M.V. ROYAL QUEEN, FROM DOVER TO DUNKIRK.



THE WARTIME SCARS IN HAYTHEM HAD HEALED. IT WAS MARKET DAY WHEN FRAZER ARRIVED. HE GOT TO WORK RIGHT AWAY.

MAIS NON, M'SIEU...  
I KNOW NO ONE OF  
SUCH A NAME.

HOW ABOUT  
YOU,  
MADAME?

JOHNNY LUCK?  
NO, M'SIEU... IT IS  
TWENTY YEARS AGO,  
A LONG TIME!



# The Will To Fight

FRAZER SPENT TWO DAYS IN THE FRENCH BORDER TOWN. NO ONE REMEMBERED THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN. IT WAS TOO LONG AGO.

WHAT'S HIS NAME?

JOHNNY LUCK...

MAIS NON, M'SIEU...



FRAZER HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP ON THAT SECOND DAY, WHEN A TRUCK DRIVER CAME UP TO HIM AS HE WAS LEAVING THE BISTRO...

THIS JOHNNY LUCK... HE WOULD BE A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WITH A LAUGH IN HIS EYES... UN COQ DU COMBAT, NON?

A FIGHTING COCK... YES, THAT WOULD DESCRIBE HIM...



THE TRUCK DRIVER HAD A TIGHT SCHEDULE, BRUSSELS TO PARIS. FRAZER ACCEPTED A LIFT. . .

... THE MARINS FOUND HIM IN THEIR BARN, STARVING, AFTER YOUR SOLDIERS HAD GONE . . . THEY SHELTERED HIM FROM THE GERMANS TILL OCTOBER. THEN I WENT TO THE FARM ONE DAY IN MY TRUCK . . . I WAS GOING TO PARIS . . .



THE TRUCK REACHED PARIS AT DUSK. JOHNNY LUCK HAD DONE THE SAME TRIP TWENTY ONE YEARS BEFORE . . .

I BROUGHT HIM HERE, TO PARIS. IT WAS FULL OF THE BOCHE THEN, BUT HE COULD LOOK AFTER HIMSELF, HE SAID.



THE TRUCK PULLED UP IN A NARROW STREET NEAR THE SACRE COEUR, IN MONTMARTE.

HERE, ON THIS VERY SPOT I LEFT HIM, M'SIEU. THREE BOCHE OF THE FELDGENDARMERIE SAW HIM CLIMB FROM MY TRUCK. I WAS AFRAID FOR MYSELF. I LET IN MY CLUTCH AND LEFT HIM HERE WITH THE BOCHE RUNNING TOWARDS HIM . . .

MERCI BEAUCOUP, M'SIEU . . . AU 'VOIR . . .



## The Will To Fight

THERE WAS A BISTRO ACROSS THE PAVEMENT. IT WAS A LONG SHOT, BUT FRAZER TRIED IT. HE WENT IN AND SAT DOWN, SPEAKING IN A LOUD VOICE . . .

DEUX PERNODS, PATRON  
... THE OTHER IS FOR  
ANY OF YOUR CUSTOMERS  
WHO CAN TELL ME ABOUT  
AN ENGLISHMAN CALLED  
JOHNNY LUCK . . .



A HAND PICKED UP THE DRINK TWO MINUTES LATER. IT WAS A THIN, QUICK HAND, BUT SHAKY. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DANGEROUS HAND, ONCE . . .

BON SANTÉ,  
M'SIEU . . . A  
JOHNNY  
LUCK . . .

YOU KNEW  
HIM? SIT  
DOWN,  
M'SIEU . . .



HE WAS A WRECK OF A MAN. HE WAS ONLY SIXTY, PERHAPS, BUT AN ARM WAS MISSING, HE HAD A PATCH OVER ONE EYE, AND HIS FACE WAS BONY AS A SKULL . . .

OUI, I KNEW JOHNNY LUCK, M'SIEU. IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS. . . WHEN THE PIGS OF BOCHE WERE HERE AND THERE WERE RICH PICKINGS FOR MEN LIKE VIDOUX . . .

GO ON,  
M'SIEU VIDOUX  
... JOHNNY  
LUCK . . .





## The Will To Fight

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SO THE BLACK-MARKETEER, VIDOUX, GAVE HIS EVIDENCE . . .

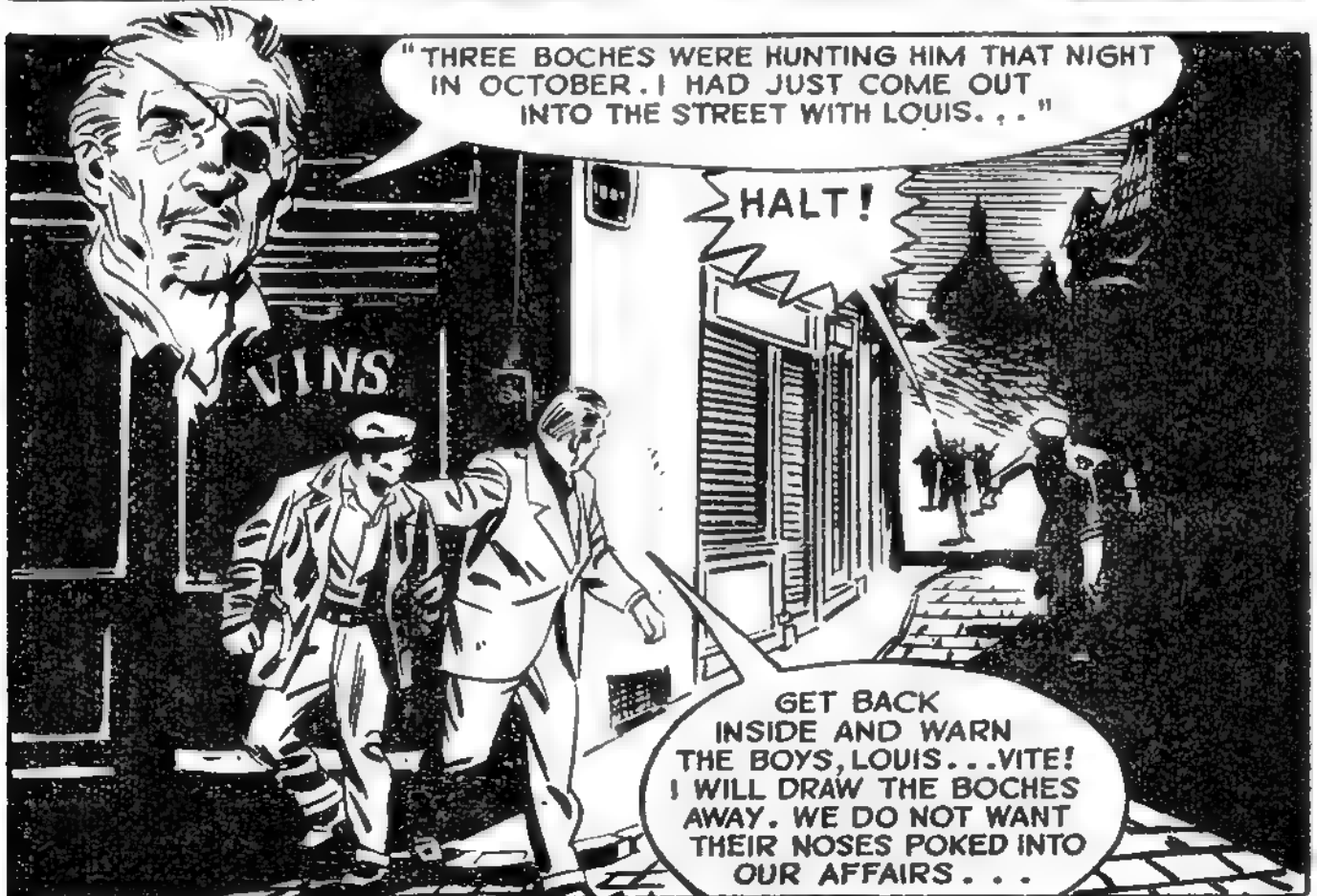
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, M'SIEU. THAT IN NINETEEN-FORTY, BEFORE THE MAQUIS DID THIS TO ME, I WAS THE BIG MAN, THE PATRON, WITH MANY MEN WORKING FOR ME. IT WAS LIKE THAT WHEN I MET JOHNNY LUCK . . .



"THREE BOCHES WERE HUNTING HIM THAT NIGHT IN OCTOBER. I HAD JUST COME OUT INTO THE STREET WITH LOUIS. . . "

HALT!

GET BACK INSIDE AND WARN THE BOYS, LOUIS. . . VITE! I WILL DRAW THE BOCHES AWAY. WE DO NOT WANT THEIR NOSES POKED INTO OUR AFFAIRS. . .



## The Will To Fight

"HE WAS COOL, THIS YOUNG ENGLISHMAN. THE BOCHE WERE SHOOTING BUT HE DID NOT LOSE HIS NERVE . . ."



"IT WAS DARK, AND I KNOW EVERY INCH OF MONTMARTRE AS I KNOW MY OWN HAND. THE BOCHE WERE FOOLS . . . THEY FOLLOWED US . . ."



"WE WAITED FOR THEM . . ."

STAY HERE, ENGLISHMAN!

A RECEPTION COMMITTEE, EH... OKAY, BY ME...



"THE FIRST BOCHE CAME AROUND THE CORNER ALONE, VERY ANGRY, VERY BRAVE . . ."

UUGGHHH!

BEHIND YOU, MATE!

"THE OTHER TWO CAME TOGETHER. THIS COULD HAVE BEEN EMBARRASSING BUT THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WAS AN EFFICIENT WORKER . . ."

AAAGH!

BON!





# The Will To Fight

"THE OTHER BOCHES FOUND THEIR MEN TOO QUICKLY, BUT IT DID NOT MATTER. PARIS IS MY JUNGLE. I TOOK THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN OVER THE ROOFS . . ."

ACH, HERR LEUTNANT . . . KLAUS AND TWO OTHERS HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED.

TEUFEL! YOU WILL THROW A CORDON AROUND THE QUARTER, SWARZE.

LET US GO!



"WE USED THE SEWERS, ALSO. I FOUND MYSELF LIKING THIS YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WHO DID NOT TURN THE HAIR, WHO ASKED NO QUESTIONS..."

WE ARE UNDER THE BOUL 'MICHE ENGLISHMAN. IT WILL NOT BE LONG . . .

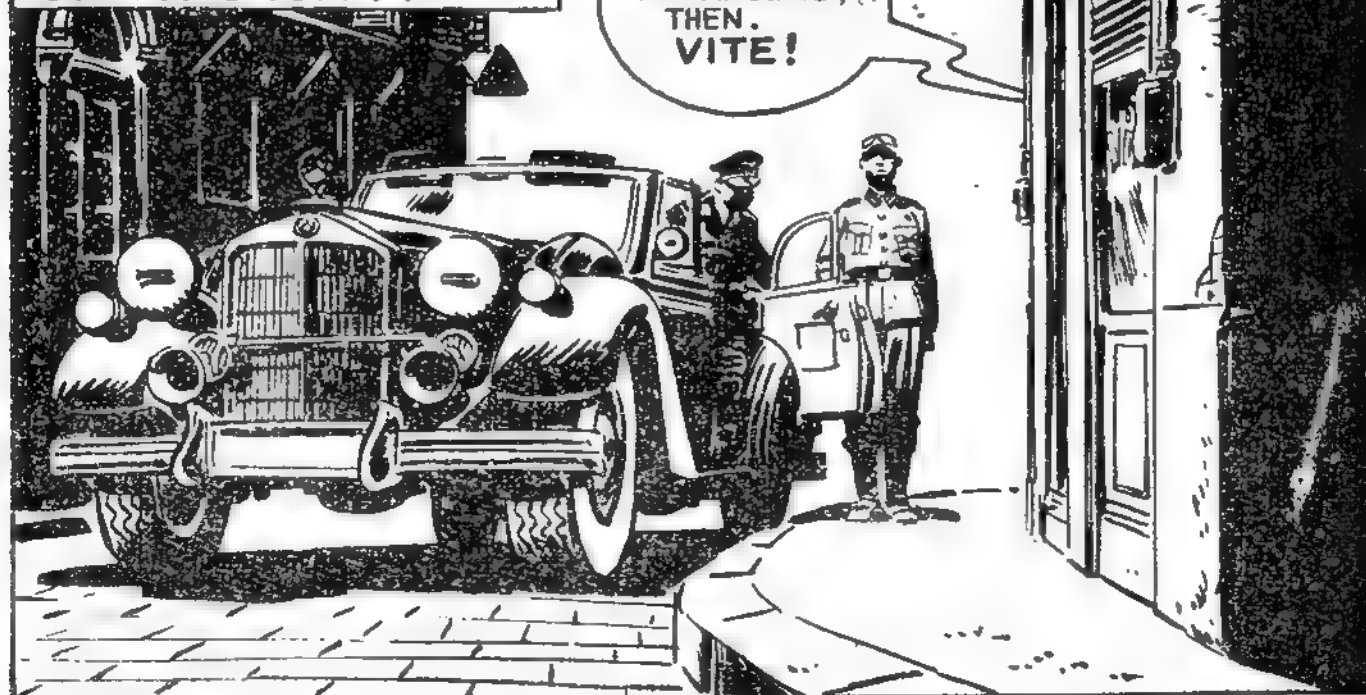
YOU'RE THE BOSS, MATE.



"SO WE DOUBLED BACK TO THE BISTRO, WHERE ALL WAS QUIET, AND SO I ADDED THIS YOUNG ENGLISHMAN TO MY LITTLE ARMY . . ."



"HE TOLD ME HE HAD ESCAPED FROM THE GERMANS AFTER DUNKIRK. HE SAID HE WAS **BROWNE** OFF WITH THE WAR. HE DID NOT ASK ME WHAT MY BUSINESS WAS, BUT HE SOON FOUND OUT . . ."



## The Will To Fight

"NO DOUBT JOHNNY LUCK WAS SUPRISED THAT I SHOULD BE ON VISITING TERMS WITH A BOCHE GENERAL, BUT THIS WAS BUSINESS, YOU UNDERSTAND . . ."

YOU KNOW WHY I HAVE COME, EH, VIDOUX? THREE OF MY MEN WERE ATTACKED LAST NIGHT NEAR HERE.

WELL, MON GENERAL. IT WAS IN OUR CONTRACT THAT YOUR MEN SHOULD NOT SNOOP AROUND THIS BISTRO.



"GESTAPO GENERAL ESSEN COMMANDED THE POLICE FORCES IN THAT DISTRICT OF PARIS. A USEFUL MAN TO HAVE ON ONE'S PAYROLL, THOUGH EXPENSIVE . . ."

JA, THIS IS SO. BUT A YOUNG ENGLISH SOLDIER IS REPORTED TO BE HIDING IN THIS QUARTER . . .

MON GENERAL, IT IS IN YOUR INTEREST THAT I SHOULD RECRUIT THE BEST MEN FOR MY STAFF, N'EST CE PAS? COME . . . HERE IS YOUR COMMISSION ON OUR LAST TRANSACTION . . .



"WHEN GENERAL ESSEN HAD GONE, JOHNNY LUCK CAME OUT OF HIDING. HE WAS ANGRY."

I AM A BUSINESSMAN, JOHNNY. I DISLIKE THE BOCHE AS MUCH AS YOU DO, BUT THIS ESSEN ARRANGES THAT I SHALL CARRY ON MY BUSINESS WITHOUT UNDUE INTERFERENCE . . .

YEAH, I CAN SEE THAT . . . FOR A CUT OF THE PROFIT. BUT WHAT THE HECK IS THIS BUSINESS OF YOURS, ANYWAY?



WE SHOW HIM, EH, PATRON? TOMORROW NIGHT?



"OUR BUSINESS TOOK US TO CLERMONT FERRAND THE NEXT NIGHT. WE USED TWO TRUCKS AND THE CAR, AND THE JOB WENT SMOOTHLY. JOHNNY LUCK CAME WITH US..."



"ON THE WAY BACK TO PARIS, I CLIMBED INTO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK. JOHNNY LUCK WAS LOOKING AT OUR MERCHANDISE..."



## The Will To Fight

"HE HAD DOUBTS, PERHAPS, THIS YOUNG ENGLISHMAN. BUT HE WAS TOUGH AND ALSO HE HAD THIS HUNGER FOR EXCITEMENT. . ."



"THAT IS HOW JOHNNY LUCK BECAME A BLACK MARKETEER, IN NINETEEN-FORTY, IN OCCUPIED FRANCE. HE WAS A COOL WORKER, TOO. . ."



## The Will To Fight

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"FOR MORE THAN THREE YEARS, JOHNNY LUCK WORKED WITH ME. HE COULD BE RUTHLESS, TOO, THAT ONE, LIKE THE TIME WE WERE ALMOST CAUGHT CROSSING THE LINE FROM VICHY FRANCE IN FORTY-THREE . . ."

BUT...THESE  
ARE FRENCHMEN,  
JOHNNY...OUR  
OWN PEOPLE.

THEY'RE GUARDS,  
MARC...THEY CARRY GUNS!  
JOHNNY LUCK'S NOT STOPPING  
A BULLET WHETHER IT WAS  
MADE IN GERMANY  
OR FRANCE!



"I PAID JOHNNY WELL, AND HE SPENT HIS MONEY WELL. THERE WAS PLENTY OF GAIETY IN PARIS IN THE OCCUPATION YEARS, IF YOU COULD PAY FOR IT . . ."

ALORS, YOU ARE AN ENGLISHMAN,  
CHERIE, YET YOU DO NOT  
FIGHT.

SURE I FIGHT, KID  
... BUT JOHNNY  
LUCK FIGHTS FOR  
HIMSELF...



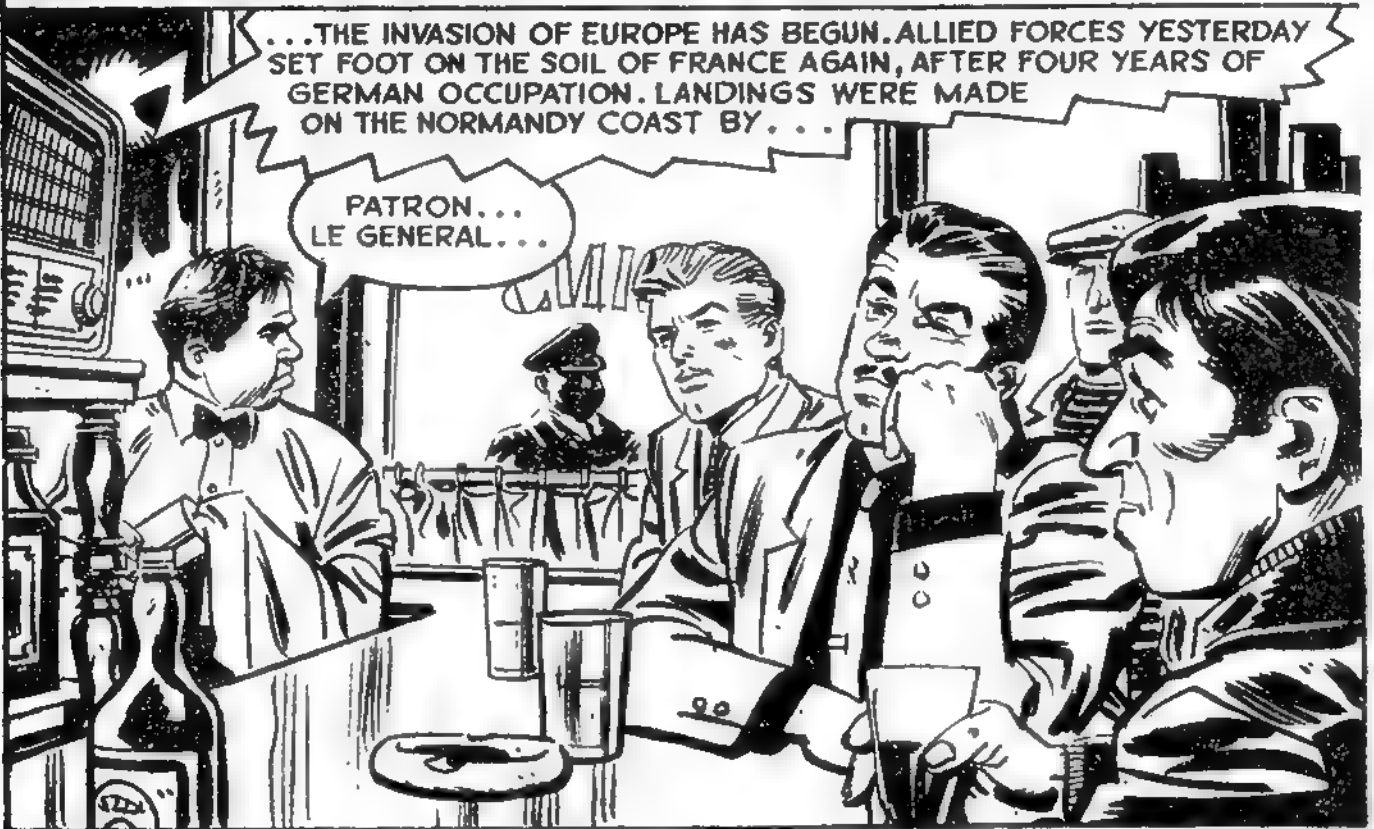


## The Will To Fight

"OF COURSE IT COULD NOT LAST. I KNEW THE GOOD TIME WAS OVER WHEN WE HEARD THE NEWS ON THE RADIO THAT DAY IN JUNE 'FORTY-FOUR . . ."

...THE INVASION OF EUROPE HAS BEGUN. ALLIED FORCES YESTERDAY SET FOOT ON THE SOIL OF FRANCE AGAIN, AFTER FOUR YEARS OF GERMAN OCCUPATION. LANDINGS WERE MADE ON THE NORMANDY COAST BY . . .

PATRON...  
LE GENERAL...



"GESTAPO GENERAL ESSEN KNEW THAT THE GOOD TIME WAS OVER, ALSO. HE HAD A PROPOSITION TO PUT TO ME . . ."

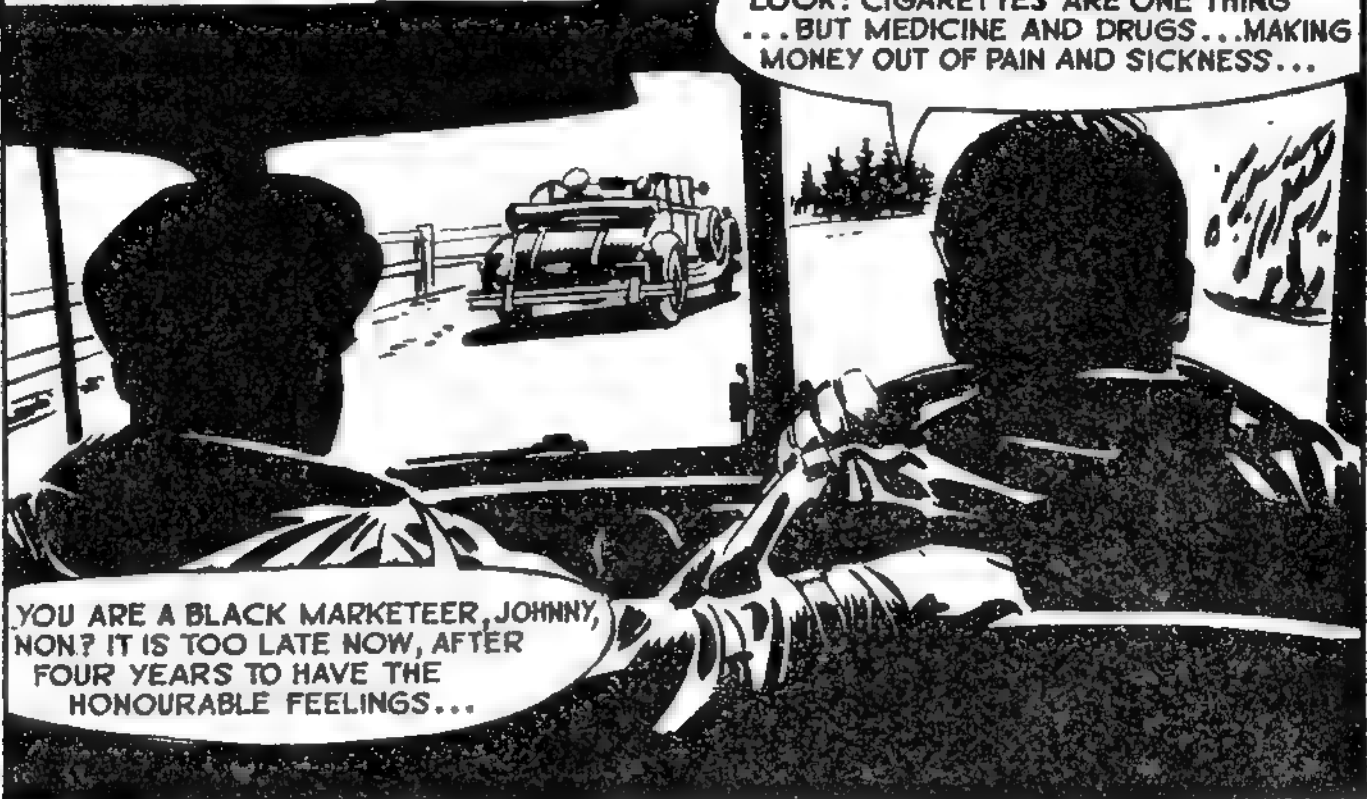
SOON WE MUST WIND UP OUR BUSINESS, MY FRIEND. I SUGGEST WE MAKE ONE LAST COUP. THERE IS A GERMAN ARMY STORE OF MEDICINE, DRUGS, MORPHINE WORTH MUCH MONEY. IF I CAME WITH YOU . . . IF I ARRANGED FOR YOUR MEN TO GET INSIDE THAT STORE . . .

IT'S A DEAL,  
MON GENERAL.  
ONE LAST JOB,  
AND WE CAN  
ALL RETIRE . . .



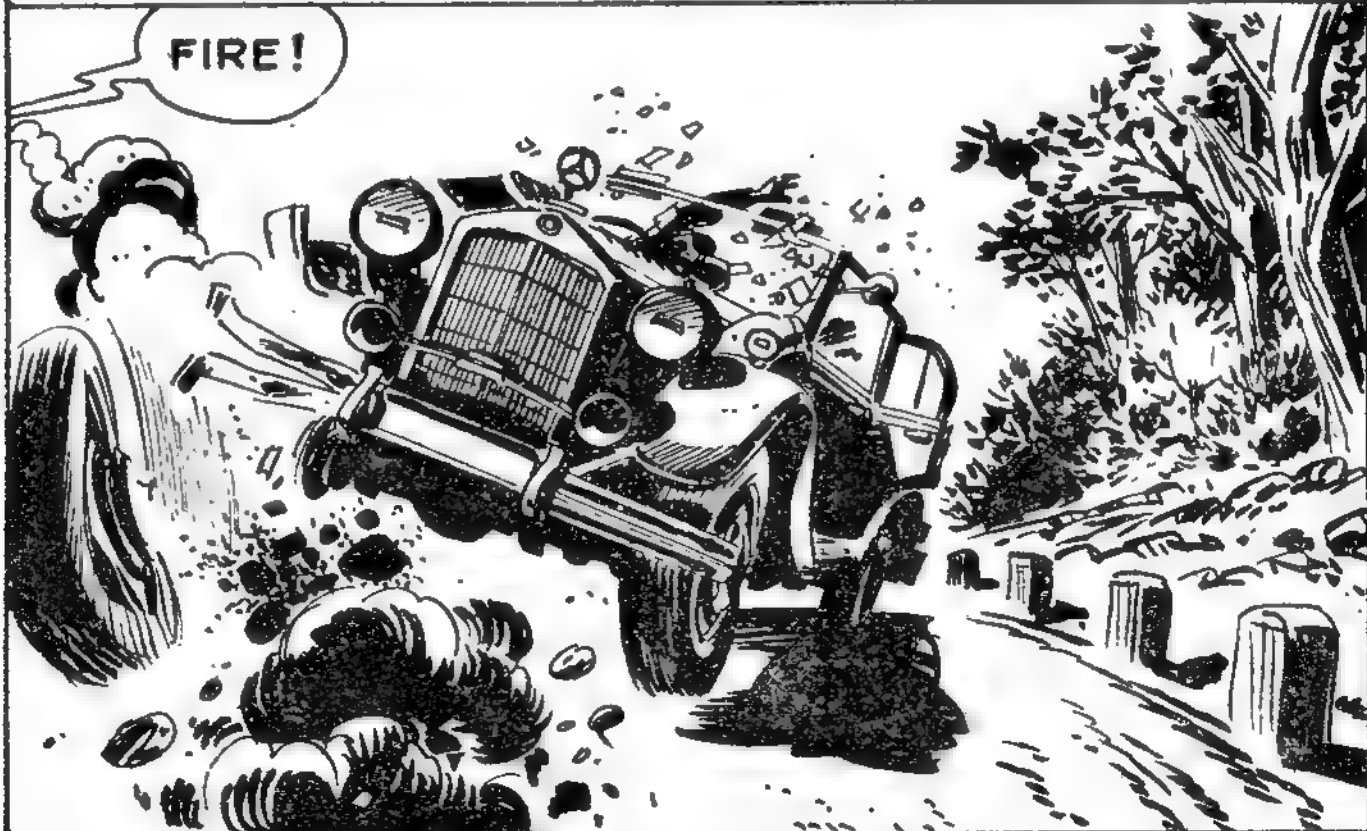
"WE LEFT PARIS A WEEK LATER. WE TOOK THREE TRUCKS AND ALL THE MEN. GESTAPO GENERAL ESSEN DROVE AHEAD OF US IN HIS CAR, WITH A DRIVER HE COULD TRUST. . ."

LOOK! CIGARETTES ARE ONE THING  
...BUT MEDICINE AND DRUGS...MAKING  
MONEY OUT OF PAIN AND SICKNESS...



YOU ARE A BLACK MARKETEEER, JOHNNY,  
NON? IT IS TOO LATE NOW, AFTER  
FOUR YEARS TO HAVE THE  
HONOURABLE FEELINGS...

"BUT THE GOOD TIME WAS OVER FOR US SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED. AT THAT MOMENT, A LAND MINE EXPLODED UNDER THE GENERAL'S CAR. . ."



## The Will To Fight

"IT WAS THE MAQUIS. THEY GUNNED DOWN GENERAL ESSEN AS HE TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM HIS WRECKED CAR . . ."

AAAAGH!

THE PIG IS DEAD! NOW, THE OTHERS...

"THERE WERE TWENTY, THIRTY OF THE MAQUISARDS. THE WRECKED CAR WAS BURNING IN THE ROAD AND IT WAS TOO NARROW TO TURN THE TRUCKS AROUND. WE WERE TRAPPED . . ."

PATRON...  
LE MAQUIS!

I SEE,  
FOOL...SLEW  
THE TRUCKS  
ACROSS THE  
ROAD...  
VITE!





"WE BLOCKED THE ROAD WITH THE TRUCKS AND PREPARED TO FIGHT IT OUT. BUT JOHNNY LUCK, HE SEEMED CONFUSED. . ."



"I THINK JOHNNY LUCK DID NOT BELIEVE ME. THE BULLETS SHOULD HAVE CONVINCED HIM, BUT HE DID NOT USE HIS GUN. . ."

THESE ARE  
NOT GERMANS,  
CAPITAINE !

THEY ARE BLACK  
MARKET RATS FROM  
PARIS, WHICH IS  
WORSE...



"THEN BULLETS HIT ME IN THE ARM AND FACE. I FELL ACROSS JOHNNY LUCK. FOR ME, THAT WAS THE END. "

AAAAH...

THIS IS IT,  
THEN...THE END  
OF THE ROAD  
FOR JOHNNY  
LUCK!



VIDOUX LOOKED WITH SHARP EYES AT FRAZER . . .

I LOST THE ARM AND THE EYE, M'SIEU. THE MAQUISARDS HANDED ME TO THE MILITARY WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME. FOUR YEARS I WAS IN PRISON...



AND JOHNNY LUCK?

WHO KNOWS, M'SIEU? I HAD MY OWN TROUBLES. THE ENGLISHMAN DIED ON THE ROAD, NO DOUBT, WITH THE REST OF MY MEN . . .



THE SECOND ENTRY HAD BEEN MADE IN THE DOSSIER ON JOHNNY LUCK . . .

THERE'S NO ONE WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHNNY LUCK, AFTER YOU WERE HIT THAT DAY?

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAQUISARD WHO GAVE EVIDENCE AGAINST ME AT MY TRIAL, M'SIEU. GEORGES MOLLET WAS HIS NAME, THE SON OF THE SCHOOLMASTER AT PALAISE SO THEY SAID. HE HAD THE DEVIL OF A MEMORY, THAT ONE.



# Chapter 3. The Lonely Man



FRAZER GOT HIS LUCK. HE BOUGHT A MIDDAY EDITION OF PARIS SOIR BEFORE HIS TRAIN LEFT AND THERE WAS A FEATURE STORY ON THE FRENCH AIR FORCE AND ITS JET PILOTS . . .

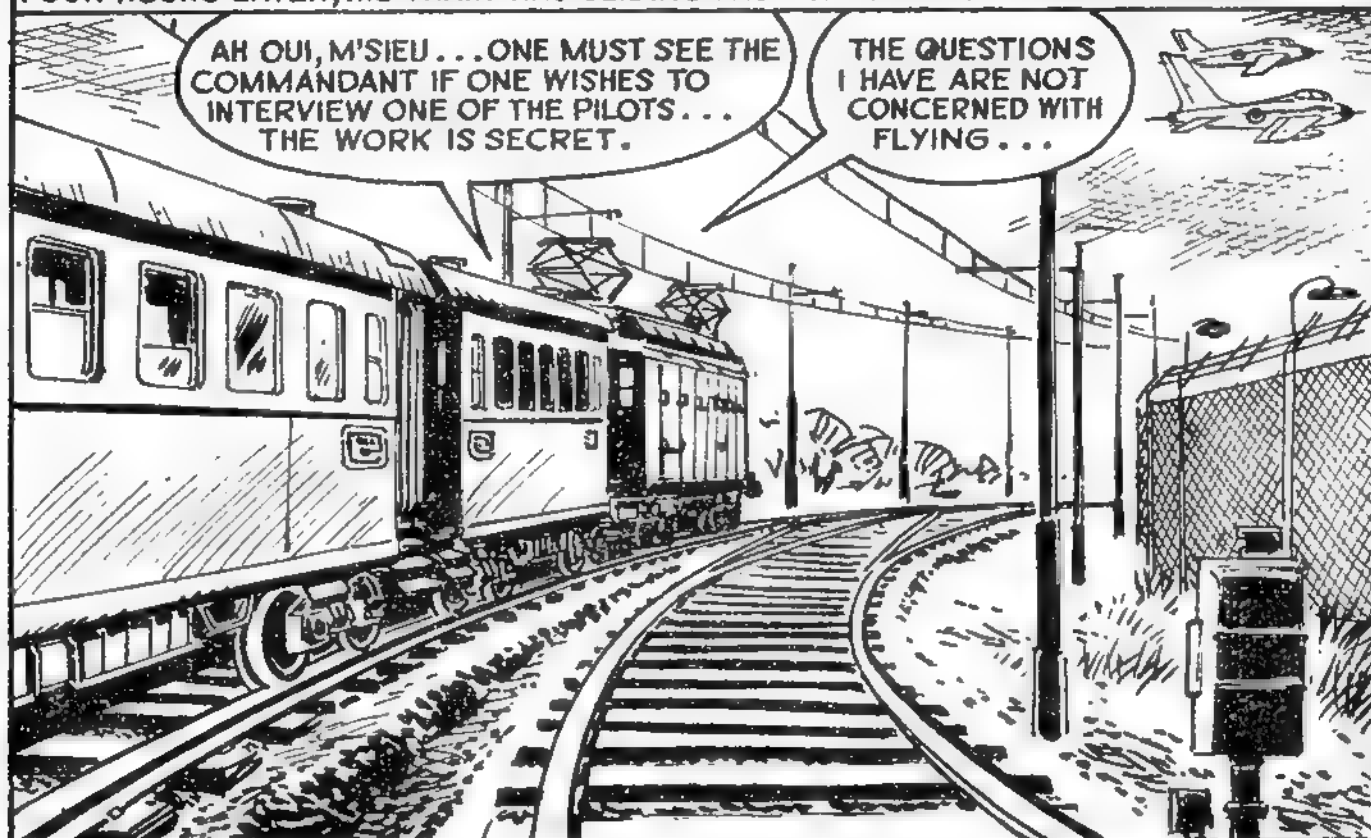
I'LL BE DARNED... GEORGES MOLLET ...THIRTY-THREE. YES, THAT'D MAKE HIM SIXTEEN IN NINETEEN-FORTY-FOUR...





## The Will To Fight

SO IT WAS THAT FRAZER CHANGED HIS DESTINATION... TO BREST IN BRITTANY. FOUR HOURS LATER, HIS TRAIN WAS SLIDING PAST THE N.A.T.O. AIR BASE THERE...



THE COMMANDANT AT BREST WAS A REASONABLE MAN. NEXT DAY, ON THE HARDSTANDING AT THE AIR BASE, FRAZER MET GEORGES MOLLET...

IF YOU WERE IN THE PALAISE MAQUIS DURING THE WAR, LIEUTENANT, THEN YOU CAN HELP ME. I'M TRYING TO FIND AN ENGLISHMAN BY THE NAME OF JOHNNY LUCK...



MOLLET SEEMED ODDLY RELUCTANT TO TALK. FRAZER WORKED ON HIM . . .

THIS JOHNNY LUCK WAS A DESERTER . . . A BLACK MARKETEER. HE WAS WITH A MAN CALLED VIDOUX WHEN YOUR MAQUIS ATTACKED THREE TRUCKS ON THE DIJON ROAD IN 'FORTY-FOUR. LIEUTENANT, I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR THE STORY FROM YOU . . .

AH...SO... THEN I WILL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW OF THIS JOHNNY LUCK, M'SIEU FRAZER . . .



HE IS DEAD, M'SIEU YOUR JOHNNY LUCK. NO, I DID NOT SEE HIM DIE, AND I WILL SPEAK ONLY OF WHAT I SAW MYSELF. IT IS BETTER THAT WAY . . .



"IT WAS A MISTAKE, THAT AMBUSH. OUR MAQUIS HAD MINED THE DIJON ROAD FOR ANOTHER PURPOSE, BUT WHEN WE SAW THE BOCHE GENERAL AND THE BLACK MARKETEERS FROM PARIS IT DID NOT MATTER . . ."

AAAGH!

SMASH THEM, MAQUISARDS!



## The Will To Fight

"THE RATS FROM PARIS RETREATED PAST THE FIRST TRUCK. THEY FOUGHT VICIOUSLY, BUT ON OUR SIDE WE HAD THE JUSTICE . . ."



"WE WERE CLOSING IN ON THE REST OF THE GANG AROUND THE THIRD TRUCK WHEN ONE OF THE BLACK MARKETEERS MADE A BREAK FOR IT . . ."





"HE RAN TOWARDS THE WOOD AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, THIS MAN. I MUST HAVE BEEN EXCITED. I GAVE HIM A BURST BUT IT WAS HIGH AND WIDE . . ."



"MY SECOND BURST MIGHT HAVE GOT HIM, BUT HE HAD REACHED THE TREES. I WAS YOUNG THEN, AND VERY BRAVE, AND VERY FOOLISH. I WENT AFTER HIM . . ."



# The Will To Fight

"A STEN GUN IS NOT USEFUL AMONG TREES. THERE IS NO FIELD OF FIRE. I WENT AFTER THIS MAN UPHILL AND EMPTIED A MAGAZINE WITHOUT HITTING HIM. . . ."



YOU'RE TOO DARNED KEEN, KID!

"HE HAD NOT FIRED AT ME ONCE, THIS MAN, BUT I WAS GAINING ON HIM. HE HAD TO ACT. HE FIRED ONE SHOT AND THE BULLET HIT ME IN THE CHEST. . . ."



AAAH!

SORRY, KID...BUT IT'S YOU OR ME!

"WHEN YOU ARE YOUNG AND YOU ARE HURT, YOU MAKE A LOT OF NOISE. I SAW THE MAN STOP AS I LAY ON THE EARTH, GROANING. . . ."



OHHH...  
OHHH...

HANG IT!

## The Will To Fight

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"IT WAS A STRANGE THING. THE MAN CAME BACK TOWARDS ME THROUGH THE TREES AND I WAS NOT AFRAID. I KNEW HE WANTED TO HELP ME, NOT TO KILL ME . . ."



"HE COULD HAVE GOT AWAY, THIS BLACK MARKETEER, BUT HE CAME BACK TO HELP ME, HE DID NOT LEAVE ME TO DIE ALONE IN THAT WOOD . . ."



# The Will To Fight

"I WAS GRATEFUL TO THIS MAN. HE HAD SHOT TO WOUND ME, ANYWAY, AND NOT TO KILL ME. I AM CONVINCED OF THIS . . ."

YOU ARE GOOD, M'SIEU . . .  
YOU ARE NOT LIKE THE REST OF  
THOSE RABBLE FROM PARIS,  
TRAITORS, COLLABORATEURS . . .  
MY PEOPLE WILL FORGIVE  
YOU, SINCE YOU HAVE  
HELPED ME.

NO, KID . . .  
THEY WON'T  
FORGIVE ME.



"HE LOOKED AT ME SO BITTERLY  
THEN, THIS ENGLISHMAN WITH THE  
STRANGE NAME . . ."

I'M NOT FRENCH ANYWAY, SEE? I'M  
ENGLISH. I'M A DESERTER, A BLACK  
MARKETEER. AND IF YOUR PEOPLE  
DID FORGIVE ME, MY OWN PEOPLE  
WOULDN'T. NO . . . JOHNNY LUCK'S  
HAD IT THIS TIME!



"WE HAD GOT TO THE EDGE OF THE WOOD BY THEN, WHERE THE HILL SLOPES  
DOWN TO THE CHURCHYARD AND MY VILLAGE OF PALAISE . . ."

HEY! THE PLACE IS  
ROTTEN WITH  
GERMANS!

OUI, M'SIEU . . . THE BOCHE CAME TWO DAYS AGO  
AND ARRESTED ALL THE MEN OF OUR VILLAGE, THE  
VERY YOUNG, THE OLD. IT IS A REPRISAL FOR  
OUR MAQUIS WORK. THAT IS WHY WE LAID  
THAT AMBUSH YOU RAN INTO ON THE  
DIJON ROAD . . .





## The Will To Fight

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"WE CHOSE OUR MOMENT AND WENT FAST DOWN THE SLOPE . . ."

YOU SEE, M'SIEU, THESE BOCHE SOLDIERS ARE WAITING FOR AN S.S. MAJOR WHO IS DUE TO ARRIVE TODAY. HE WILL GIVE THEM THE ORDER TO SHOOT THE HOSTAGES THEY HAVE LOCKED UP IN OUR SCHOOLHOUSE . . .

SO YOU AMBUSHED THAT ROAD TO STOP THE MAJOR ARRIVING . YOU SPRANG THE TRAP ON US INSTEAD . . . SO HE MAY STILL ARRIVE . . .



"I HAD TO MAKE THE ENGLISHMAN STOP IN THE CHURCHYARD, WHERE WE WERE HIDDEN FROM THE GERMANS. I WAS GETTING WEAK . . ."

BUT ARE YOU GOING TO BE SAFE, KID . . . WITH THOSE JERRIES IN THE VILLAGE ?

MY PEOPLE WILL HIDE ME, M'SIEU. THE BOCHES ARE UNEASY WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY GETTING NEARER AND THEY STAY NEAR THEIR BARRICADE. WHEN THE S.S. MAJOR COMES THEY WILL DO WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO QUICKLY, AND GO . . .



# The Will To Fight

"AT LAST, THE ENGLISHMAN GOT ME TO THE BUSHES NEAR MY FATHER'S HOUSE. HE SEEMED ANGRY NOW. . ."

THEY'LL DO WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO... THE MURDEROUS SWINE. SHOOTING A LOT OF HELPLESS OLD MEN AND BOYS.

THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO, M'SIEU. EVEN MY MAQUIS IS POWERLESS UNLESS THEY CAN STOP THAT S.S. MAJOR. BUT YOU MUST LEAVE ME HERE NOW... YOU MUST GET AWAY.



"THE ENGLISHMAN DID NOT LEAVE ME UNTIL I STARTED CALLING MY PEOPLE. . ."

MAMAN... IT IS I... GEORGES! MAMAN...

GEORGES! THE BOY IS IN TROUBLE...



"I SHALL NOT FORGET THE ENGLISHMAN'S FACE WHEN MY MOTHER ANSWERED ME AND HE TURNED AWAY. THERE WAS SUCH LONELINESS IN IT. . ."

AH GEORGES... MON PAUVRE PETIT... BUT YOU ARE SAFE NOW...

BONNE CHANCE... JOHNNY LUCK!



YEAH... GOOD LUCK... I'VE HAD PLENTY OF IT IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS AND I'VE KEPT IT FOR MYSELF. MAYBE IF I'D USED SOME OF IT FOR OTHER PEOPLE I WOULDN'T BE ON MY OWN NOW...

GEORGES MOLLET LOOKED STEADILY AT FRAZER, NOT SMILING..

THAT IS ALL I CAN TELL YOU, M'SIEU. JOHNNY LUCK IS DEAD. HE DIED TRYING TO SAVE THE MEN OF MY VILLAGE. PERHAPS...WHO KNOWS...HE DID SAVE THEM. BUT OF THIS I CANNOT SPEAK...



FRAZER KNEW WHEN A WITNESS HAD TOLD ALL HE WAS GOING TO TELL...

CAN'T SPEAK, LIEUTENANT...OR WON'T SPEAK? WELL ANYWAY YOU'VE FILLED IN A LOT OF BLANKS, AND I'M GRATEFUL. MAYBE I'D BETTER GO TO PALAISE FOR THE END OF THE STORY.

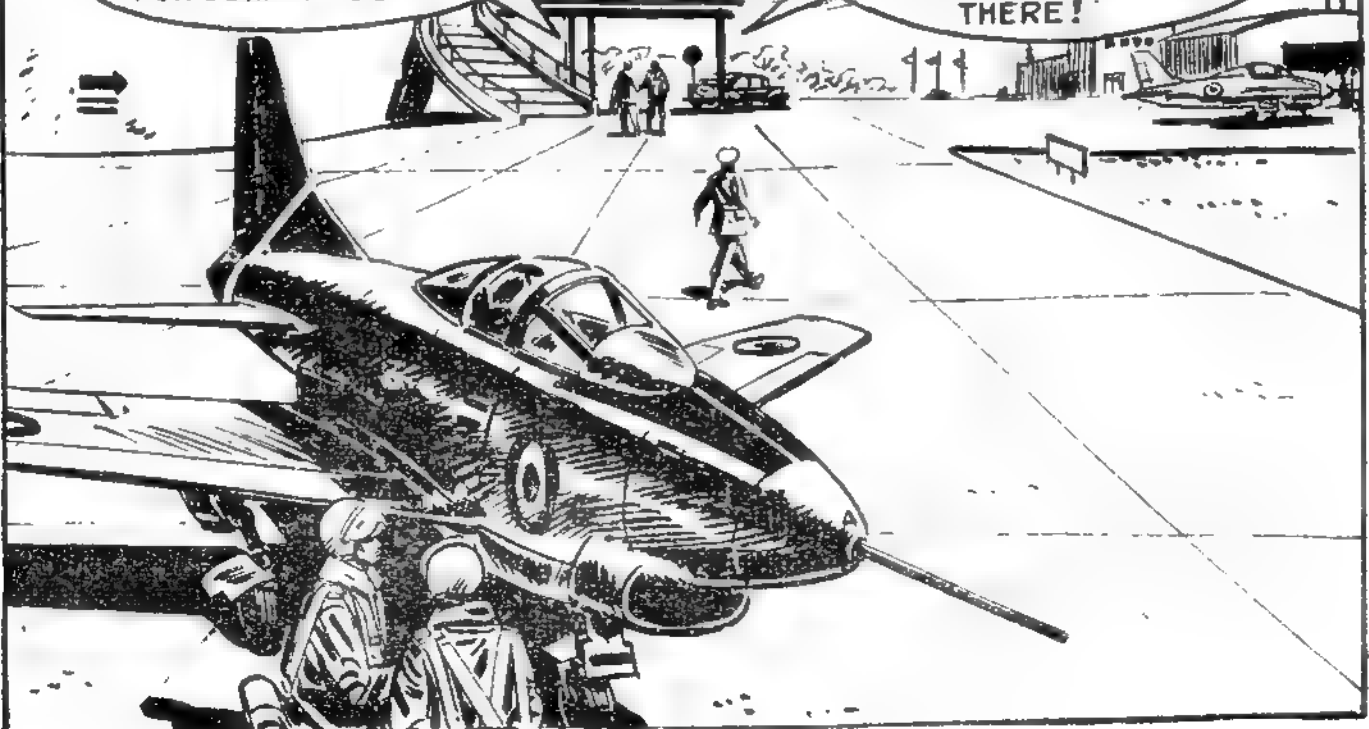
ME, I DO NOT THINK IT IS A GOOD THING TO RAKE UP THE PAST...BUT THIS NO DOUBT IS YOUR JOB...



THE THIRD ENTRY HAD BEEN MADE IN THE DOSSIER ON JOHNNY LUCK...

IT'S MY JOB, LIEUTENANT, YES. I HAVE TO KNOW WHAT THE END OF THE STORY WAS FOR JOHNNY LUCK.

THE END OF THE STORY WAS A GRAVE IN THE CHURCHYARD AT PALAISE, M'SIEU FRAZER. JOHNNY LUCK IS BURIED THERE!

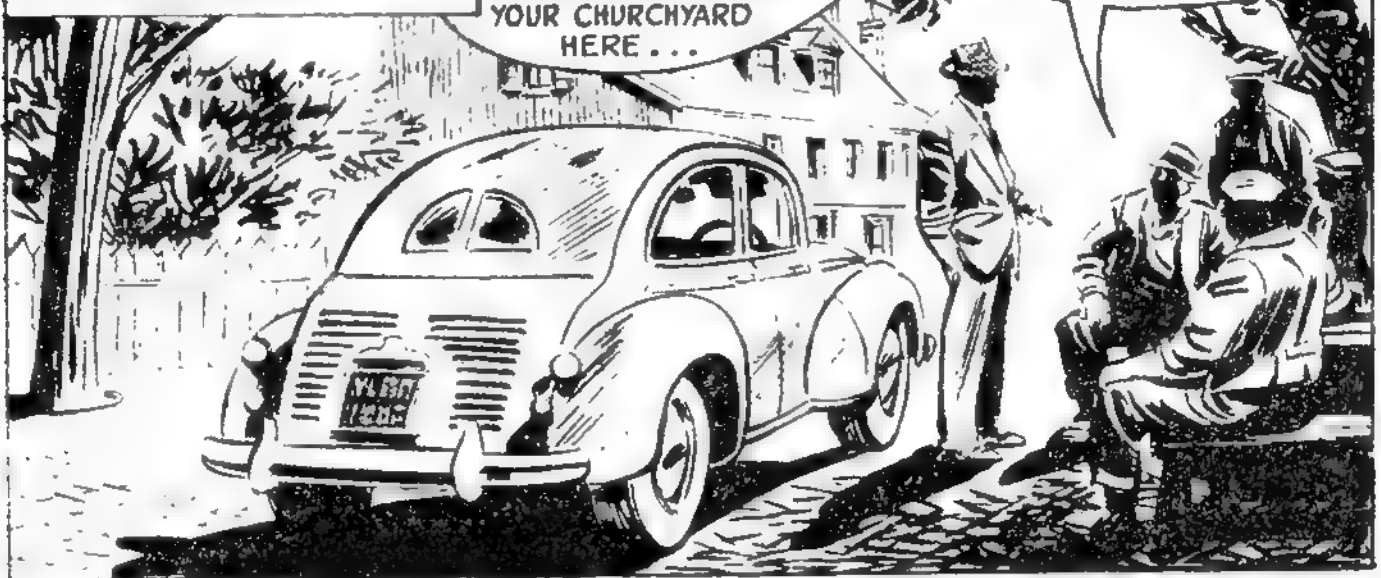


## Chapter 4. *The Truth*

IN THE LATE AFTERNOON OF THE NEXT DAY, FRAZER REACHED PALAISE. THE VILLAGERS WERE AS RELUCTANT TO TALK AS THE JET PILOT HAD BEEN . . .

I'M SURPRISED YOU DON'T KNOW OF THIS ENGLISHMAN, MESSIEURS. A YOUNG FRIEND OF YOURS, LIEUTENANT GEORGES MOLLET, TOLD ME HE WAS BURIED IN YOUR CHURCHYARD HERE . . .

AH...YOUNG GEORGES TOLD YOU, DID HE? OF COURSE...I REMEMBER NOW, **JOHNNY LUCK**... I HELPED TO BURY HIM MYSELF...



FRAZER WALKED AWAY THOUGHTFULLY. HE HEARD THE URGENT WHISPER BEHIND HIM BUT HE DID NOT TURN AROUND. THERE WAS SOMETHING ODD GOING ON, BUT HE WAS A PATIENT MAN . . .

YOU CUT THROUGH THAT ALLEYWAY, M'SIEU. THE CHURCHYARD IS STRAIGHT AHEAD.

MERCI, M'SIEU.

JACQUES...FIND M'SIEU SAUVEUR... VITE!





THE CHURCHYARD WAS UNKEMPT. FRAZER WANDERED AROUND AMONG THE GRAVESTONES. HE KNEW THAT SOMEONE WOULD JOIN HIM SOON, AND HE WAS RIGHT. . .



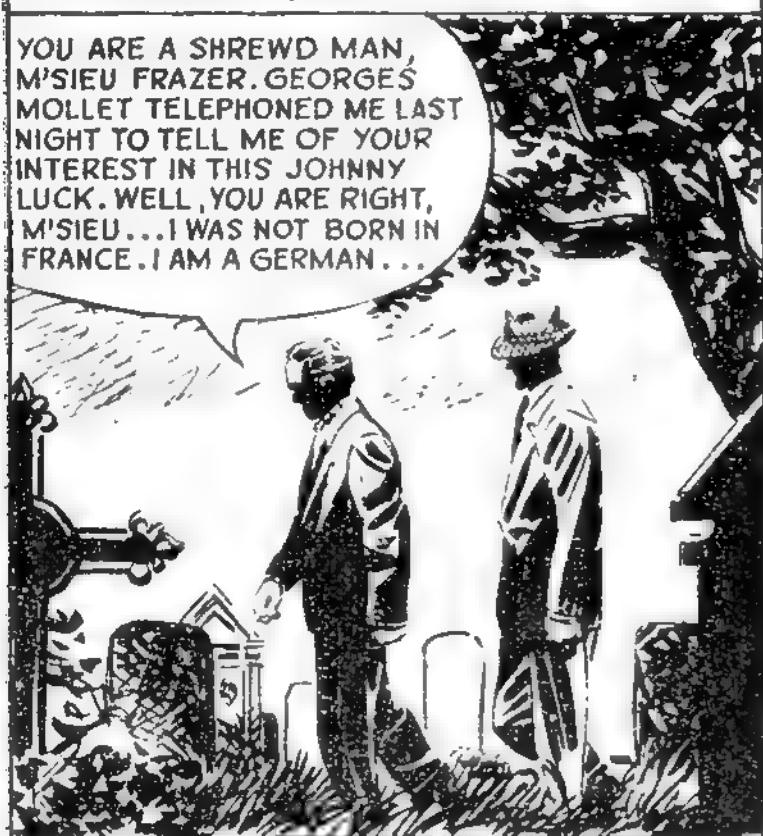
THE MAN WAS THIN, STOOP-SHOULDERED, HEAVILY-MOUSTACHED. HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN FORTY. HIS EYES WATCHED FRAZER VERY CAREFULLY. . .



## The Will To Fight

FRAZER FOLLOWED THE THIN MAN BETWEEN THE GRASSY MOUNDS . . .

YOU ARE A SHREWD MAN, M'SIEU FRAZER. GEORGES MOLLET TELEPHONED ME LAST NIGHT TO TELL ME OF YOUR INTEREST IN THIS JOHNNY LUCK. WELL, YOU ARE RIGHT, M'SIEU . . . I WAS NOT BORN IN FRANCE. I AM A GERMAN . . .



I AM, IN FACT, THE GERMAN S.S. MAJOR WHO KILLED JOHNNY LUCK. YOU SEE, I AM FRANK WITH YOU, M'SIEU. NO-ONE BUT THE VILLAGERS KNOWS MY REAL IDENTITY. BUT I WISH YOU TO LEARN THE TRUTH SO THAT YOU WILL LEAVE THE PAST BURIED AS DEEP AS HIS BODY IS . . .



"THE FRENCHMEN DID NOT SEE US. MY DRIVER REVERSED THE CAR AND I CLIMBED OUT. I HAD A DUTY TO CARRY OUT IN PALAISE . . ."

TAKE THE CAR BACK TO DIJON, DRIVER. I SHALL REACH OUR DETACHMENT IN THE VILLAGE ON FOOT.

JAWOHL, HERR MAJOR.



"I CLIMBED THROUGH THE WOOD ALONE. THERE WAS LITTLE DANGER. THE MAQUIS WAS TOO BUSY WITH THOSE TRUCKS ON THE ROAD . . ."



## The Will To Fight

"I PAUSED AT THE TOP OF THE HILL AND LOOKED DOWN AT PALAISE. I COULD SEE OUR MEN GUARDING THE SCHOOLHOUSE..."

ACH SO...THE HOSTAGES ARE UNDER GUARD AND THE VILLAGE IS QUIET. IT WILL BE QUIETER STILL TONIGHT... AFTER I HAVE CARRIED OUT MY DUTY!



"IT WAS AS I CAME THROUGH THE CHURCHYARD THAT THE MAN STEPPED OUT IN FRONT OF ME. WE BOTH HAD GUNS IN OUR HANDS..."

YOU CAN'T DO THIS, BOCKE... IT'S MURDER. COLD-BLOODED MURDER! YOU'RE A SOLDIER, AREN'T YOU, NOT A BUTCHER?

JA... I AM A SOLDIER... THEREFORE, I CARRY OUT MY ORDERS!





"THIS MAN, I LEARNED LATER, WAS THE ENGLISHMAN JOHNNY LUCK. A BRAVE MAN, BUT A FOOLISH ONE . . ."

THEN I'LL HAVE TO STOP YOU!

TEUFEL!



"BOTH OUR FIRST BULLETS MISSED. THERE IS GOOD COVER FOR SUCH A FIGHT IN A GRAVEYARD. WE STALKED EACH OTHER, FIRING, FOR A LITTLE WHILE . . ."



## The Will To Fight

"I DO NOT KNOW WHY HE FOUGHT SO, THIS JOHNNY LUCK. HE WAS A DESERTER, A CHEAP CROOK, SO I LEARNED LATER. WHY SHOULD HE GIVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE THESE HOSTAGES?"

ACH! THAT WAS NEAR!



"FOR OF COURSE, HE DID GIVE HIS LIFE. I SHOT HIM WITH MY FOURTH BULLET, AND I CAME CLOSE TO PUT A FIFTH BULLET INTO HIM AS HE LAY THERE..."



"WHEN THE GERMAN SOLDIERS CAME RUNNING FROM THE VILLAGE AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOTS, TWO MINUTES LATER, I WAS STANDING OVER THE DEAD MAN..."

HIMMEL! IT IS THE MAJOR OF THE S.S.

JA... AND HE HAS KILLED A MAN.



"THESE GERMAN INFANTRYMEN DID NOT KNOW ME, BUT THEY KNEW THE S.S. I THINK THEY WERE FRIGHTENED. BUT I WAS NOT ANGRY WHEN I TURNED TO FACE THEM . . ."

DO NOT STAND GAPING...HE WILL GIVE US NO MORE TROUBLE. I AM MAJOR DIETRICH...YOU WILL TAKE ME TO THE HOSTAGES.

'JAWOHL, HERR MAJOR! AT ONCE!



"IT IS STRANGE, BUT THE KILLING OF THAT ENGLISHMAN HAD SHAKEN ME. HE WAS A BRAVE MAN . . .AND HIS WORDS HAD HIT ME ALTHOUGH HIS BULLETS HAD NOT . . ."

WHO IS IN CHARGE HERE? AH, SERGEANT...YOU WILL DISMANTLE YOUR GUNS AND LEAVE PALAISE IMMEDIATELY WITH YOUR MEN! THERE IS TO BE NO EXECUTION OF HOSTAGES.

BUT, HERR MAJOR...WE WERE TOLD...



## The Will To Fight

"THIS JOHNNY LUCK HAD TOLD ME I WOULD BE A MURDERER IF I SHOT THOSE OLD MEN, THOSE CHILDREN. I BELIEVED HIM NOW. I WAS A SOLDIER, NOT A MURDERER . . ."

I AM TELLING YOU, SERGEANT. THERE WILL BE NO KILLING IN PALAISE. DISMANTLE THE BARRICADE AND TAKE YOUR MEN AWAY AT ONCE. GIVE ME THE KEYS TO THE SCHOOLHOUSE . . .

IF YOU SAY SO, HERR MAJOR . . .



"THE INFANTRYMEN WERE GLAD TO GO, I THINK. THEY DISMANTLED THE GUNS QUICKLY WHILST I WAITED . . ."

ACH...IT IS BETTER THIS WAY, SERGEANT . . .THE AMERICANS ARE NEAR.

JA... WE DO NOT WISH TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR A KILLING IF THERE SHOULD BE REPRISALS.





"WHEN THE TRUCK AND THE GERMAN SOLDIERS HAD GONE, I TOOK THE KEY AND UNLOCKED THE DOOR TO THE SCHOOLHOUSE. IT MADE ME FEEL GOOD TO DO THAT..."



"THE HOSTAGES STUMBLED OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT. THEY DID NOT BELIEVE IN THEIR FREEDOM. THEY GATHERED AROUND ME. PERHAPS THEY MIGHT HAVE ATTACKED ME THEN, BUT A WOUNDED BOY CAME SUDDENLY INTO THE STREET..."



HE HAS RELEASED US, EMILE!

OUI, BUT HE IS A BOCHE...

LISTEN, MES AMIS... THIS MAN HAS SAVED YOUR LIVES... I WILL EXPLAIN...

"THE BOY WAS GEORGES MOLLET. HE DID NOT NEED TO TALK FOR LONG. THOSE VILLAGERS HAD BEEN EXPECTING TO DIE. AND NOW THEY WERE ALIVE, THEY WERE FREE, THEY WERE OVERJOYED..."

YOU SEE, MES AMIS, NOW THIS MAN WILL NOT BE POPULAR WITH HIS OWN PEOPLE... IT IS UP TO US TO PROTECT HIM... TO MAKE HIM ONE OF US, IF THAT IS WHAT HE WISHES...

I WISH IT!

WE WILL HIDE YOU, MON AMI... YOU ARE AMONG FRIENDS!



## The Will To Fight

"SO THE VILLAGERS TOOK ME TO THEMSELVES. I BECAME ONE OF THEM, AND THEY HID ME UNTIL THE DANGER PASSED. AND THE NAME THEY GAVE ME WAS SAUVEUR . . .

SAY, THAT GUY, CAPTAIN . . .  
THE GUY OVER THERE WITH OLD  
MOLLET'S DAUGHTER . . . I  
HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND,  
HAVE I ?

HE IS ONE OF US,  
LIEUTENANT. HIS  
NAME IS  
SAUVEUR . . .



"YES, I STAYED IN PALAISE. I MARRIED THE SISTER OF THE GOOD YOUNG GEORGES IN THE CHURCHYARD WHERE THE ENGLISHMAN DIED TO SHOW ME THAT I WAS NOT A MURDERER . . ."



THE MAN THEY CALLED SAUVEUR LOOKED CAREFULLY AT FRAZER . . .

YOU SEE NOW, M'SIEU, WHY I WISH THE PAST TO STAY BURIED . . . AS DEEPLY BURIED AS JOHNNY LUCK WHO LIES IN THAT GRAVE . . .



FRAZER'S VOICE WAS QUIET . . .

I SEE THE GRAVE, M'SIEU SAUVEUR. ONLY THE MAN WHO LIES IN IT IS NOT JOHNNY LUCK, IS HE?

PARDON, M'SIEU? YOU DO NOT BELIEVE I HAVE TOLD YOU THE TRUTH?



IT WAS GETTING DARK NOW IN THE CHURCHYARD AT PALAISE, WHERE TWO MEN FACED EACH OTHER OVER A GRAVE . . .

OH, I THINK YOU TOLD THE STORY VERY CLEVERLY. WHAT YOU TOLD ME WAS THE TRUTH BUT NOT THE WHOLE TRUTH.

YOU ARE A SHREWD MAN, M'SIEU . . . GO ON . . .



YOU MISSED OUT TWO MINUTES IN YOUR STORY, M'SIEU SAUVEUR. THE TWO VITAL MINUTES BETWEEN THE TIME WHEN YOU KILLED YOUR OPPONENT IN THIS CHURCHYARD, AND THE TIME WHEN THE GERMAN SOLDIERS CAME RUNNING FROM THE STREET TO SEE THE S.S. MAJOR STANDING OVER THE CORPSE . . .



"THE MAN WHO DIED IN THE CHURCHYARD AT PALAISE THAT DAY WAS S.S. MAJOR DIETRICH, WASN'T HE? THE BULLET WHICH KILLED HIM WAS FIRED BY JOHNNY LUCK . . .





"THE ONLY WAY TO STOP A GERMAN S.S. MAJOR FROM CARRYING OUT HIS ORDERS WAS TO KILL HIM. I THINK JOHNNY LUCK REALISED THAT. BUT HE ALSO REALISED THAT HIS JOB WASN'T FINISHED..."



"THE HOSTAGES WERE STILL LOCKED IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE, STILL GUARDED BY GERMAN SOLDIERS. THEY COULD ONLY BE RELEASED BY AN ORDER FROM THE MAJOR. SO JOHNNY LUCK BECAME S.S. MAJOR DIETRICH..."



## The Will To Fight

"JOHNNY LUCK CHANGED CLOTHES WITH THE DEAD MAJOR. WHEN THE GERMAN SOLDIERS CAME RUNNING INTO THE CHURCHYARD, THEY SAW A MAN IN AN S.S. MAJOR'S UNIFORM STANDING OVER THE CORPSE . . .

HIMMEL! IT IS THE MAJOR OF THE S.S.

JA . . . AND HE HAS KILLED A MAN.



FRAZER SMILED . . .

THE REST OF YOUR STORY IS TRUE, M'SIEU SAUVEUR. YOU DID ORDER THE GERMAN SOLDIERS TO GO. YOU DID RELEASE THE PRISONERS. YOU WERE PROTECTED BY THE VILLAGERS AND YOU DID MARRY THE SISTER OF YOUNG GEORGES MOLLET. BUT YOU WERE NEVER AN S.S. MAJOR IN YOUR LIFE . . .



THE THIN MAN DID NOT SMILE. HIS EYES WERE BRIGHT AND WARY . . .

BUT HOW DO YOU  
KNOW THESE THINGS,  
M'SIEU FRAZER?

I KNOW THAT S.S. MAJORS  
WERE NOT GIVEN TO SUDDEN  
CHANGES OF HEART. I KNOW THAT  
FRENCH VILLAGERS EVEN THOUGH  
THEIR LIVES HAD BEEN SPARED, DID  
NOT TAKE THE HATED GERMANS'  
TO THEIR HEARTS. I KNOW THAT  
THESE VILLAGERS, AND YOUR  
FRIEND MOLLET, HAVE ALL  
BEEN TRYING TO HEAD  
ME AWAY FROM THE  
TRUTH . . .

THE THIN MAN SPOKE IN A LOW VOICE . . .

BUT YOU HAVE  
NO PROOF,  
M'SIEU?

NO, I HAVE NO PROOF. I COULD  
SEARCH THE WEHRMACHT RECORDS  
FOR A DESCRIPTION OF THIS S.S.  
MAJOR DIETRICH . . . I COULD HAVE  
THIS GRAVE OPENED AND THE  
SKELETON INSIDE COMPARED  
WITH THAT DESCRIPTION.  
BUT I SHALL DO NONE  
OF THOSE THINGS, M'SIEU  
SAUVEUR . . .

JONNNY  
LUCK

FRAZER LOOKED DOWN AT THE GRAVE . . .

I THINK, IN A WAY, JOHNNY LUCK DID DIE THAT DAY IN THE CHURCHYARD. AT LEAST THE DESERTER AND THE BLACK MARKETEE DIED. IT WAS A NEW JOHNNY LUCK WHO RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE THOSE HOSTAGES. I THINK THAT NEW JOHNNY LUCK DESERVES THE PEACE HE HAS WON FOR HIMSELF. . .



THANK YOU, M'SIEU...  
I THANK YOU FOR THAT...

THE VOICE OF M. SAUVEUR WAS STRONG AGAIN, AS STRONG AS THE VOICE OF JOHNNY LUCK HAD ONCE BEEN BEFORE THE HELL OF DUNKIRK . . .

BUT YOU HAVE NOT TOLD ME WHY YOU SOUGHT OUT THIS JOHNNY LUCK?

NO...NOR HAVE I. WELL...THERE'S TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS WAITING FOR JOHNNY LUCK IN ENGLAND IF HE EVER TURNS UP TO CLAIM IT. UNDER A WILL, YOU KNOW. . .



THE EYES OF M. SAUVEUR BURNED IN THE DUSK. HIS FISTS CLENCHED. FOR A SINGLE MOMENT HE SPOKE IN ENGLISH. . .

GOOD GRIEF!  
TWENTY THOUSAND...





IT WAS ONLY FOR A MOMENT. THERE WERE CHILDREN CALLING FROM THE EDGE OF THE CHURCHYARD THEN, AND A WOMAN STANDING WITH THEM.



FRAZER WATCHED THE MAN  
AND HIS FAMILY WALK  
HAPPILY AWAY INTO  
THE DUSK...



## The Will To Fight

TWO DAYS LATER, FRAZER WAS BACK IN LONDON. HE REPORTED TO O'DWYER IN THE OFFICES OF THE AGENCY IN NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE . . .

SO HE'S DEAD AFTER ALL, THIS JOHNNY LUCK?

YES, O'D. I'VE GOT A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GRAVE THERE, IF ANY PROOF'S NEEDED. BUT I'M SATISFIED MYSELF THAT THE JOHNNY LUCK WHO DESERTED AT DUNKIRK, THE BLACK MARKETEER, IS DEAD . . .



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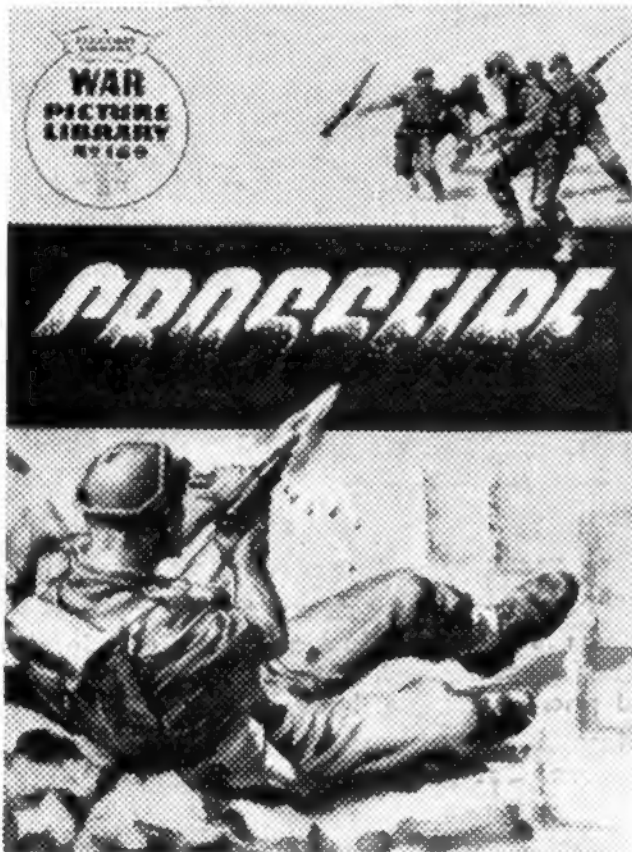
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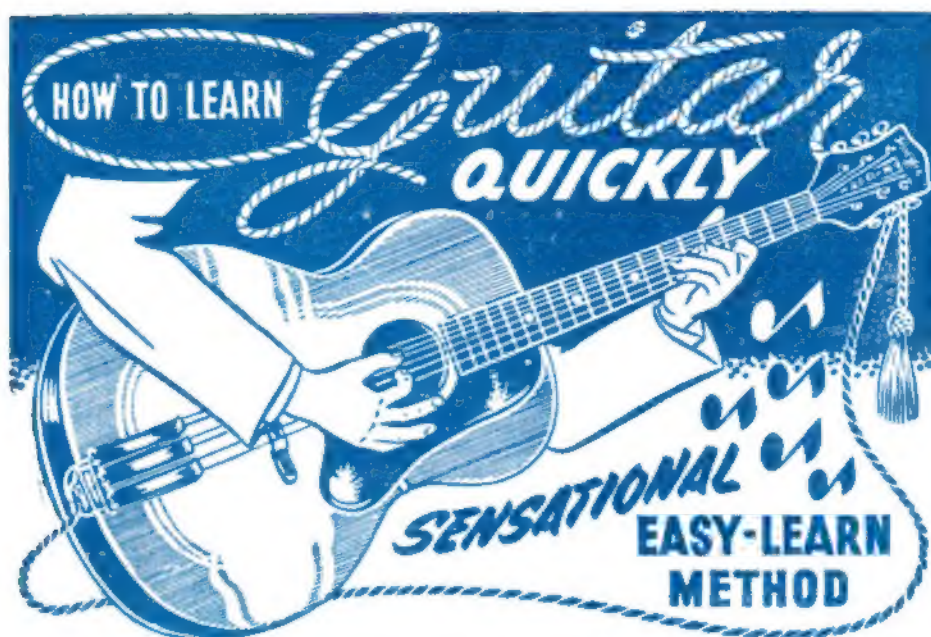
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